## The Truth About The Cash

The Experiences of M.F. Goron, Ex-Chief of the Paris Detective Police — Edited by Albert Keyze

## FIGHTING THE GHOSTS

Have you seen my brother Xavier of

"Then you know nothing of his im pending marriage?"

knows, probably your help. Something strange has happened to him. Within the last fortnight I had noticed his haggard looks; and, after questioning him several times, he informed me that he intended to marry Mademoiselle Germaine E—, a girl barely eighteen; and he, as you know, is forty-three. He refused to enter into any explanations and in the some that it will bring him bere." I cried "I shall be delighted to make the acquaintance of your friend Boissier. You must, however, remember that it will never do for me, the chief of the detective police, to let a stranger know that I have recourse to the occult science to detect crime. The comic papers would make fine sport of me. Since you kindly offer to help me, only you and I must know of it.

But, if you like the seemed to have taken a great liking to me, and, slapping me on the back, said:

"Martin, I shall be delighted to assist you, if you want any advice from the other world."

"That is awfully good of you," I replied: "the sooner the better, as I want to get back to Bordeaux."

We arranged to meet the following afternoon at his apartment in the Rue Bleue; and, at his request, Germaine promised to come to girl barely eighteen; and he as you know, is forty-three life refused to enter into any explanations, and cut my questions short with the remark that he was compelled to marry her.

Comic papers would make fine sport afternoon at his apartment in the Rue Bleue; and, at his request, Germaine promised to come, too.

'She is wonderful!' remarked Boissier under another name, always supposing he does not know me.

but, since you appeal to our old friend, ship, I will see Xavier on the matter. I had known Xavier for some years. He was a good-natured, easy-going, immesselv rich fellow, who had idled through life; he was interested in the control of the contr horses, but was too lazy and indolent to have a racing stable. He never to have a racing stable. He never cared for women's society, and had a rooted aversion to marriage. That he, the misognmist, should have fallen in the misognmist, should have fallen in the misognmist, should have fallen in the remained silent a moment. love, was quite possible; I had seen that kind of thing occur before. But Navier with a troubled face meant something out of the common.

I was not long gathering a few in-teresting facts. For the last six months Xavier had ceased to frequent his favorite club, and he, a great whist-player, had deserted the card-But a more alarming symptom How that came about no one could

My next step was to learn what I could about Germaine E-, the girl thout Germaine E-, the girl introded to marry; and this

She was born in Vermont, of French orients, who had died, leaving her in charge of a poor farmer's family. M. We went into his smoking room and his valet had hardly closed the door, when he exclaimed:

"Goron, don't go in for spiritualism! The human mind cannot stand it. Mine is giving way under the strain."

And then I saw in his eyes the haunted look that had scared his sister.

I put my hand on his shoulder, and I put my hand on his shoulder, and I put my hand on his shoulder. sent, Germaine, then in her 14th said soothingly: arrived in France. The girl was wear, arrived in France. The girl was woodfully ignorant, and uncouth in her wanner, but being remarkably intelligible. With his eyes half shut, as if in a manner, but being remarkably intelli-

manner. but being remarkably intelligent, soon became very accomplished. Despite her brilliant qualities, her uncle and aunt regretted baving adopted her. She showed herself self-willed and headstrong; she had violent scenes with her relatives, who left her at boarding school until she was 17; and as she had a talent for painting, they were glad to send her to Paris to

for fear of arousing his suspicion. I discovered that every Wednesday night he dired at a little restaurant near the early and took my seat in a quiet cor-ner. It was a queer rice. entlemen of the spirit rapping fra

by septlemen of the spirit rappins fraternity.

It was getting late, and I was beginning to fear I should miss Xavier, when he came in and sat down at able near me. He gave a quick glance around the room, but did not recognize me. I noticed a great change in him. His careless expression had disappeared, and now and then he would not recognize and now and the works of the securacy of their dealers woman, to within five minutes of each other; we within five minutes of each othe

est clew. Yesterday I was on the point of giving it up in despair, when I remembered that one of my foreign colleagues had, through the help of a medium, obtained some valuable information that put him on the right trail. I decided to make a final attempt, and went to that little restau-HAD dined at the house of Madame

A——, the widow of an old friend, and was about to leave, when she whispered:

Don't go. I want to speak to you. The you seen my brother Xavier of the you seen my brother Xavier of the you want to speak to you. The you want to speak to you. The you want to speak to you want to speak to you want to speak to you. The you want to speak to you want to speak to you want to that put him on the right trail. I decided to make a final attempt, and went to that little restautempt, and went to the little restautempt, and went went is a will must, for the next few days, remain M. Martin, for the next few da

spiritualism. I have a splendid medium for you, a man called Boissier, who assists me in my researches. He is now, I dare say, waiting for me at the restaurant. I will bring him here."

know, is forty-three. He refused to enter into any explanations, and cut my questions short with the remark that he was compelled to marry her. When, a few days later, I once more referred to the subject, he went away and I have not seen him since."

"I am sorry for you." I retorted, "but Xavier is not the first man who makes a fool of himself in that way. He is very much of age, and probably very much in love. I therefore do not see where I can be of any use to you or to him."

"I tell you there is a mystery about this that seares me. Xavier's eyes looked hausted; I never saw such an expression on any one's face. For our old friendship's sake, find out what is at the bottom of it all."

"My dear friend," I retorted, "there is nothing in what you tell me to show that your fears are justified; but since you appeal to our old friendship with a large face. My friend introduced me as M. Martin from Bordeaux, and I had the pleasure of shaking M. Boissier's fat, flabby hand.

I alleged an engagement, and soon took my leave, after having made an appointment with Xavier for the following day.

When we met, Xavier informed me that Boissier would put himself at my disposal if I wanted to hold any intercourse with the other world.

"Boissier," he added, "is a wonderfail, when I have the greatest confi.

to show that your fears are justified; "Boissier," he added, "is a wonder-but, since you appeal to our old friend-ful chap. I have the greatest confi-

ried?

his fingers through his bair, and remarked:

you are interested in spiritualism, I want you to make her acquaintance. You will find her an accomplished girl. She is young, very young-too young for me." he added in almost a whis

not question him, for I felt I was nearing the secret. But he shook his that came about no one touch me, and as we walked together in the direction of his house, we did not exchange a word. On reaching his exchange a word. exchange a word. On reaching his door I wished him good-night, when he

seized my arm and said: "Come in; I want to talk to you."

draw his fingers through his hair, an doubts at rest. On the advice of a construction allogether new to me.

"Hello, old chap!" I called out to find the surface of his difficult duties. For it must be remembered that the chief of the parts detective police wields enormous power and a silowed a when a rice has been committed—to save the normal persons the disgrace of a public scandal.

A few menths ago I was smoking a pipe in his study, a room hung with teophies—a museum of crime. I save him take up a thick, leadanth the writing with letter and there portraits and curious looking drawings. "This is my diary." he began, but auddenly stopped when he saw me start.

"Yes, it is my diary, he repeated." "What I am going to say to you diary." he began but auddenly stopped when he saw me start.

"Yes, it is my diary, he repeated." "The fact is, here are all of my impressions and certain facts—"I he fact is, here are all of my impressions and certain facts—"I he fact is, here are all of my impressions and certain facts—"I he fact is, here are all of my impressions and certain facts—"I he fact is, here are all of my impressions and certain facts—"I he fact is, here are all of my impressions and certain facts—"I he fact is, here are all of my impressions and certain facts—"I he fact is, here are all of my impressions and certain facts—"I he fact is, here are all of my impressions and certain facts—"I he fact is, here are all of my impressions and certain facts—"I he fact is, here are all of my impressions and certain facts—"I he fact is, here are all of my impressions and certain facts—"I he fact is, here are all of my impressions and certain facts—"I he fact is, here are all of my impressions and certain facts—"I he fact is, here are all of my impressions and certain facts—"I he fact is, here are all of my impressions and certain facts—"I he fact is, here are all of my impressions and certain facts—"I he fact is, here are all of my impressions and certain facts—"I he fact is, he may be a considered with a smile of giving

the other hand, was in great form and talked to everybody, including the waiters. He seemed to have taken a

Xavier and I saw Germaine home, and we walked a little way together. "How long have you known Boissier?" I asked.
"About six months."
"Was it through him you made Mile.

Germaine's acquaintance?'

"Yes. I saw her the first time at
the seance of the S. S. society, where
Boissier had taken me.'

"Do you mind giving me the name
of the fortune-teller you consulted here
in Paris?"

Xavier hesitated a moment.
"Mademoiselle Clementine is

name.''

Yes. Do you know her?'' 'No: I know of her.' hat I wished him good night.

When I called at the Bue Bleue Germaine was sitting in a listless attitude on the sofa. Boissier was as bois-

terous as ever.

"Come ou, Pythonissa," he shouted to the girl; "mount our tripos; our friend Martin is in a hurry." Germaine sat down at took up a peneil, and looked at me from the corners of her eyes, while Boissier held his hands over her head.

Having remained a minute in that position, he beckoned to me to come close him, and whispered:

"Put your question!"
"I should like to know," I said,
"where Maillard, who died a year ago,
hid the documents for which his relatives are searching."

Germaine, her eyes half-closed, an to write slowly, and I read: a black bag.

"Where is the bag?" I asked. Again the pencil moved, and wrote: In the garden." 'Go on with your questions,'' said Boissier. ''No, thank you,'' I retorted;

"No, thank you," I retorted; "you have given me most valuable information; I can act upon that."

The banns of Xavier's marriage were to be published on the 13th; it was already the 6th, and I shuddered when I thought how little time was left to me to sift this business.

I want howe and treasal war plan.

went home and traced my would take me away from Paris fully three days; and there remained, there fore, only another three days to put into execution the scheme which I trusted would bring everything to

During my absence, I had Boissier and Germaine watched. On my re-turn I learned that the latter had met Xavier twice, but otherwise had not d her called anywhere nor received visitors, influ-influ-but I had gone to her house and stayed

as she had a talent for painting they were clad to send her to Paris to study her art. She boarded with two old ladies in the Avenue Kleber, who did ladies in the Avenue Kleber, who are compelled to let her come and go as she pleased without daring to so much as remonstrate with her.

For three eights I read works on spiritualism, and when I had crammed into my head as much as it could continued in a quieter tone.

Were it not for these mysterious any wife hor feeced visitors, with the exception of Boissier, who had gone to her house and stayed with two hour of the day in the part of the continued in a quieter tone.

Were it not for these mysterious and when I had crammed in a quieter tone.

Were it not for these mysterious and been prepared for secretion of Boissier, who had gone to her house and stayed with two tomorrow night, and work against me; but I will escape them, thanks to that wom. She, too, has heard the same voices and must obey their injunctions."

Xavier paused a moment, wiped the consideration from his forehead, and so there half an hour.

Solition in the Avenue Kleber, who does are at work against me; but I will escape them, thanks to that wom and must obey their injunctions."

Xavier paused a moment, wiped the constitutions."

Were it not for these mysterious and there half an hour.

Were it not for these mysterious denie of a woman and must obey their injunctions."

Were it not for these mysterious and there half an hour.

Were it not for these mysterious denie of a woman and must obey their injunctions."

Were it not for these mysterious denie of a work against me; but I will escape them, thanks to that wom and must obey their injunctions."

Wavier paused a moment, wiped the creating and must abeen were narry that will escape them, thanks to be and must obey their injunctions."

Were in the for these mysterious denie of the same voices and must as evening there half an hour.

Boissier, the half an hour.

Clementine's paused and spent an evening denie of the hald also been of a woman and must

tom of the affair.

To reason with a man apparently under a kind of spell would have been folly. I therefore refrained from comment, and said:

My scheme was not only a risky one, but needed elaborate preparation. I started early by calling on a bachelor friend, and obtained his permission to use his apartment. sion to use his apartment in the Place Valois for the following after-

tend to waste your valuable time; not down in one corner of the room, and that fellow Boissier till I come back. down in one corner of the room, and that fellow Boissier III I come back. If he tries any nonsense elap the hand you can trust me?'.

"All right," he sighed, "I'll wait for you."

I then drove to the Rue Bleue, and caught Boissier just as he was leaving the house. When he saw me he held out both hands.

me to a private scance, and allows me the spirit evoked. to bring a few friends. Xavier is com- Addressing me, ing, and I want you to give us the pleasure of your company. "Leroy," he replied; "I

never heard that name. But if Xavier comes I will join your party." "I am sure you will enjoy it. Her is the address. Three o'clock, sharp.

At the Avenue Kleber, Mile. Ger-maine told me she had a bad cold, but would wrap up well and assist at the As I left her house, I heard my name called, and a carriage stopped a few yards from me. I recognized Mme.

-. Xavier's sister. "My dear Goron," she cried, in an anxious tone, "how is it I have not

heard from you! Have you forgotten vour promise!" "I have forgotten nothing. In order

to help your brother I have even embarked on a strange adventure. Hitherto I have had to do with living men; now I am fighting ghosts." "My dear friend, please don't make

fun of me. You do not know how wor-ried I am about Xavier.

"I give you my word I am speaking be truth. Ghosts have been bluffing the truth. your brother, and they tried the same experiment on me, giving me news, from the other world, of a man who from the other world, of a man who never died, because he was never born. There are, apparently, two kinds of spirits; those who come to the aid of criminals; and others, of a more respectable class, who side with the detectives. I have already been introduced to the former, and tomorrow I have to meet some friendly abosts who hope to meet some friendly ghosts who will stand by me like co. Don't stare at me, madame. sounds very strange; but I exaggerate nothing. If all goes well, I invite my self to dine with you tomorrow night

peevish than usual. I pretended not to notice this, and when his brougham this?"

When we reached the Place Valois Professor Leroy was arranging the din-ing room where the seance was to be

I HAVE DECEIVED YOU! FORGIVE ME!"

out both hands.

"What cheer, Martint"

"I am glad I caught you. Professor ment is a difficult one, and its success depends on the relations that have existed between the questioner and from Brussels, is here. He has invited existed between the questioner and

Addressing me, he continued:
"Monsieur, I shall begin with you.
Please think of a departed person with whom you wish to speak."
"I have thought of one," I replied.

The professor laid one hand on my right shoulder, and, raising the other in the air, uttered a few words in a weird-sounding tongue. We minute, but no response came.

The same experiment was tried with

lifted the other, a noise burst upon us as if all Bedlam had been let loose. It

lasted only a few seconds, but it made our very bones leap.
"Good heavens! what was that?" asked Xavier.
"I don't know," said the professor:
"I don't know," said the professor:

this is quite new to me. soon see. ''
He again touched Germaine, once more the deafening din arose, worse than before.

Xavier and Germaine, looking very cared, rose from their seats, when the professor stopped them.
"Sit down." he should

the spirits are there; I can hear them, After & silence that seemd oppres-sive, we heard a low mean in the distance, which grew louder as it came nearer. When it had reached our room, it stopped. There was another minute of suspense, and then a voice, very far off, called out: 'Lily! Lily!' Germaine started. She was deathly

Germaine was shaking so I thought

she would drop. Then she cried:
"Forgive me! Forgive me, Germaine! I promise to atone!" Boissier jumped up to go toward her, seized his wrist, and whispered in his ear:

his ear:

'I am not Martin; my name is Goron. If you make a move or utter a sound, you are lost!'

The seance broke up in a state of excitement. Xavier conducted the halffainting Germaine to the drawing-room, and delivered ber into the care of the old housekeeper, who opened her dress and sprinkled her with water.

"What does it all-"
"Hush!" I interrupted him.

knees before Xavier and seizing one about the wretched Boissiet the next morning my friend a of his hands, exclaimed:
"I have deceived you! Forgive

raised the girl from the floor, and said: "Whom is he to forgive? Is it Ger-

of grief. "Don't speak, I will tell ev-And in broken sentences, mingled with sobs, she poured out her story:
"My name is Lily Bradley, and I am

ter results.

"I do not know how to account for this," said the professor, in a vexed charge of Germaine when her parents tone. "I have never yet seen the given by the said the professor of the farmers who took charge of Germaine when her parents died. My father and mother were spirits so hostile. I shall now ask mademoiselle to recall some one with whom she would like to converse."

"I have done so," said Germaine.

The professor then laid his hand on her shoulder; but the moment he lifted the other, a noise burst upon us place. I begged them not to do thus. but I was only 13, and they pressed me so hard that I consented. Two years later Germaine died, and ''Your parents committed a second fraud by burying har

fraud by burying her name, 'I said.

"How on earth, Goron, do you—''
"Keep quiet, Xavier. Please go on, I lly."

"Some time after that my parents died, too, when one day I received a visit from that man, Boissier. My father knew him, and I remember his saving the fellow was a scoundrel. Somehow, Boissier had got hold of the me unless I consented to assist him in

a plot. "He had become intimate with M ance, which grew louder as it came learer. When it had reached our oom, it stopped. There was another ninute of suspense, and then a voice, fer far off, called out: "Lily! Laly!" Germaine started. She was deathly bale.

Again the voice was heard, but much learer.

Again the voice was heard, but much learer. bim an anonymous letter warning him against the plot; but Boissier terror-ized me, and I dared not risk it. I have also-

She stopped and an expression of in tense pain came over her face.

I saw she was really ill; and as, for several reasons I did not want her to go back to where she was staying, I sent for a cab and asked the house-keeper to take my card, and convey the girl to a home managed by one of my friends, who would look after her. Boissier was sitting motionless in the

dining room by the side of the fessor" who was reading a mo who was reading a morning rov." I said. "I will see him tonight hysterical fit of crying she

or tomorrow morning.

'Yes, sir. Come along, my boy, you and I will look at a few more ghosts.'

And he led away Boissier, who shivered with fright, and had not the ered with fright, and has strength to utter a syllable.

"Well, Xavier," I exclaimed, when we were alone. "What do you think of our seance? Rather stormy, was it not?"

my attention. Her hands and first clew. In a suspicious case peet everything. "Here was a girl, the de

French parents, with a pair of can hands! I have been to the States and have noticed the parents. States and have nonced to ties of the hands in that con-elsewhere. Her hands haunted began to fancy they did not be her. And that was my startin her. And that was my startis
"I went to Foulouse; saw Mand Maname E who hat
their niece, and had a profile with them. They showed me traits of Germaine's parent types of the Latin race, and I from them that the Bradle ter. On my return to Paris municated by cable with the A authorities, and with adminb

tesy they replied the second "The conviction then stole us that your finnces was not for but the farmer's child; my to ance, and—without play upon turn the tables upon those without play upon those with spiritualism to swindle you. I what happened. Leroy is an

on. His father was a low on the taught his son ventrilogue 'As to that terrible noise year it is produced by smearing planks with rosin, and rubb

cause the victims, belonging higher classes, dreaded what termed the "scandal." Madans too, came to the resent, and, sortow, I had to let the fellow

For all that, veggeance as Boissier. When he returned to found the man Riviere had his trunk, stolen all his

Two venrs later I recognize sier among a lot of vagabouts lice had found huddled togethe shed near the Central maries had became a horrible wreck. M. E- and his wife took of Lilv Bradley. As they is afterward, the cirl had since had also been sinned against once befriended her, they at throw her upon the world.

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